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THE FLAGEOLET; OR, THE COTTAGE BY THE WOOD.

(Continued from Page 279)

CHARLES, both wet and weary, had arrived late to dinner, and expected to have found his friend at the Hall. As the storm increased, and night approached, the family became alarmed for their guest, and were on the point of sending the domestics in each direction, when his entrance put an end to their solicitude, and by Lady Manning's advice, being extremely fatigued, he retired to his repose. The interposition of Sunday suspended the morning exercise of the friends; and the day following indisposition prevented Charles from leaving his chamber. Harland, however, habited in his shooting dress, his gun on his shoulder, and followed by a brace of spaniels, unattended by a servant, sallied forth, and bent his steps towards the cottage near the wood. Hastily stepping by the little window, he, without knocking, drew the string that lifted the latch, and found himself within the diminutive dwelling.

A woman of superior mein, yet sickly and emaciated, sat in an old easy chair, her head resting on her hand. Before her, on a crazed table, lay a Bible, which she was earnestly perusing. Her dress was of the finest materials, but unstudied and careless. Grief, rather than age, appeared to have indented her open forehead with lines, which some grey hairs seemed as if solicitous to conceal. As she raised her languid eyes, Harland, conscious of having intruded on her privacy, felt confused, and, not without hesitation, asked for a glass of water. "You appear heated by your walk," said the lady; "water might injure you, nor have I any thing better to offer; at a small inn, within a mile, you may find what may better suite that profuse perspiration."—"Excuse me then," said he, throwing himself on a bench placed in a kind of recess, "if I take the liberty to rest a few minutes." The lady did not answer, but anxiously directed her eyes to the door which Harland had neglected to fasten. Both were silent for the space of a minute, she at length said, "I think, Sir, you are the son of Sir William Manning,"—"No, madam," he replied, "I have not the honour of being at all related to Sir William Manning; my name is Harland, a stranger in this neighbourhood. In pursuing my morning sport, I find the heat so intense, and my fowling-piece so weighty, that I am impelled to suspend my exertions awhile. May I ask by what strange chance I find a woman of your appearance in this hovel?"—"Through the kindness of a poor woman," said she, "I have been here sheltered, and attended through a severe illness. Here the benevolent creature comes."—"What is meant," said an old decrepid female, entering with a small bundle of fire-wood,—"what is meant, I say, by this gun at the door, and this brace of spaniels. Has Squire Charles found out this poor abode too? if so, we want no squires," glancing an angry look at Harland. "Let gentlemen keep to their own fine houses and their own fine ladies!"—"Why thus errate?" cried Harland: "has Squire Charles violated the sanctity of your humble dwelling by any improper liberties?"—"No," she answered, "but he has beguiled farmer Howard's poor girl by his false flattering ways, who lives yonder by the mill, so I trust he will never find his way hither."—"Surely," said Harland, smiling, "you cannot conceive *yourself* to be in danger from the formidable

innovator you speak of."—"Besides," rejoined the lady, this gentleman is not related to Sir William Manning, therefore."—"The men," said the pertinacious old beldame, "are *all* wicked betrayers." Then laying down her faggot in a pet, she went to pursue her domestic avocations.

"Perhaps, Sir," said the lady, "you may be a resident in the adjoining country, and may have heard of Colville House."—"When at home," he replied, "I reside, at no great distance from the spot you have named." The lady sighed; then said, "Do you know the lady of that mansion?"—"I have frequently seen her," he answered.—"And may have heard her general character," said the lady.—"Certainly," returned Harland.—"I almost fear to enquire," said she, with emotion, "whether it is marked by benevolence."—"I can venture to pronounce it," said Harland, "most excellent! most benevolent!" A tear started to the eye of the matron. "Thank Heaven!" she said, in a low voice. Then addressing Harland, "Your appearance," said she, "is ingenuous. Know, then, that my name is Willoughby, the sister of Miss Colville, and the widow of a brave but unfortunate officer. I many years since embarked with my husband for India, whither his duty called him. His life was devoted to the arduous service of his country. We were blessed with two sons, who received a military education, and inherited their father's bravery; like him they pursued what is esteemed the path of glory. The eldest had completed his twentieth, and the youngest his eighteenth year, when, in a contest fatal to thousands, my excellent husband fell! The morning succeeding the conflict it was imparted to me that my Willoughby had been discovered in the fatal field, beneath a heap of slain. Accompanied by the wife of an officer who was likewise missing, I explored the scene of horror. Distraction seized me at the sight of my mangled husband. The ravings of delirium were succeeded by a torpor, the effects of despair. I ceased to weep. A total silence and an insensibility to the objects around me, proclaimed the alarming stupor that involved my faculties. My friends, nearly hopeless of again awakening my sensitive powers, strove, at length to direct my attention to two coffins, placed on biers in an apartment to which they led me. As I gazed at first unconscious, reason suddenly began to assume its power. I stepped to one of the coffins and removed the lead. The youth that presented death's image was my son: I knew him, kissed his cold lips, then flew to the other sad receptacle,—it contained his brother! My tears dropped fast on the loved clay;—the mother melted in my bosom, and restored me to a sense of my aggravated loss. The gentlemen who advised the experiment, now explained to me that my sons had composed part of the party, which, after the sanguinary contest, continued to pursue and to harrass the flying foe. Their ardour outstripped the necessary caution: the retreating enemy rallied, turned on their pursuers, and maintained, for a while, a running fight. My sons, with many others, repaid their rashness with their lives. It was Heaven that decreed me a hopeless mother, a desolate widow! I bowed to the rod, and calmly wept, assured that my portion of sorrow was completed!

"Two melancholy years passed, when, from some unaccountable cause, my pension as an officer's widow, until then duly remitted by the English government, was withheld. After some ineffectual exertions made in my behalf, my friends advised my going to England, furnished with letters tending to prove the identity of my person, and the justice of my claim. Necessity at length compelled me to adopt the measure. I embarked, with my little all, for my native country, where I formerly had relinquished my hopes of fortune, to share the fate of a beloved husband, in an ungenial clime. Sickness detained me long at St. Helena. Accumulated expences, not calculated on, at my arrival at Portsmouth, had

nearly annihilated my little store: and, on enquiry, I learnt that my father, whom by my marriage I had unhappily offended, had many years since paid the debt of nature. My sister, who at my leaving England was a girl of fairest promise, is, I find, yet unmarried,—her establishment elegant, as her fortune must be considerable. Unhappily, I have been told, her kindnesses are chiefly lavished on a worthless and designing favourite, who has many years resided beneath her roof,—who, having obtained an unlimited influence, directs all her actions, and, it is expected, will shortly be complimented with her hand and fortune! Can this intelligence be probable? Have you heard any such report, or known any thing of this insidious and dangerous inmate?" Harland felt his face glow. "Although not perfectly acquainted, I am not an entire stranger to the object of the lady's benevolence," he returned, "and knew not, until now, that he was considered a worthless character; Miss Colville, is, however, a model of virtue and benevolence."

"Notwithstanding the discouraging report, I had, ere this," resumed the lady, "preferred a sisterly claim to Miss Colville's kindness, and had meditated obtaining a personal interview; but my exhausted finances induced me to attempt on foot a journey too extended for my state of health. Having reached thus far, I fainted through fatigue. The mistress of this little dwelling saw and raised me from the spot on which I had fallen. She laid me on her bed. She attended me through a severe illness, without a view to remuneration, for she discovered only that I was necessitous." At this instant a light step approached, and a female figure passed Harland without observing him, or his canine attendants (both of which were stretched by this time at his feet, fast asleep;—his fowling piece he had removed from the door, that he might not give further umbrage to the ancient mistress of the dwelling). The female who entered, tripping nimbly to the table at which the lady sat, spread before her some blackberries and wild sloes. "These, my mother," said she, in a voice of sweetest modulation, "are the best I can collect; my arms (extending a beautiful hand, and pointing to the injuries the briars had inflicted with the other), are rent a little, but it matters not, if the juices of this very indifferent fruit will moisten your parched lips."—"Enough, Amelia," said the invalid, with some impatience. "Go complete the task in which you were engaged in the inner room."—"Cannot I first do something more for your comfort?" she asked.—"Not immediately," said the lady, waving her hand towards the inner apartment; "I would read, Amelia."—"At least allow me to repair the fire," she said; when, turning to accomplish her purpose, a pair of bright and intelligent eyes encountered those of Harland, who had been eagerly watching for the opportunity to examine whether the face corresponded with the exquisite form of the young person. She started with surprise, and the earnest gaze of the stranger gave rise to a carnation flush, with which she instantly disappeared. Harland had sprung on his feet, without exactly comprehending his own intention, but recollecting himself, drew from the breast-pocket of his shooting jacket a couple of peaches, and presenting them to the invalid, (who had turned still paler since the entrance of her daughter,) said, looking on his watch, "I have, at present no further leisure, but will do myself the pleasure to call again before I leave the neighbourhood." The invalid bowed in silence; and Harland, quitting the hovel, pursued his way through the avenues of the wood in deep meditation. He had questioned the identity of her who called herself Mrs. Willoughby; he was no stranger to that lady's story,—he concluded her dead, and regarded the recital of the invalid as the the fabrication of a designing creature, hackneyed in deception, who meant to practice her arts on a woman of Miss Colville's reputed benevolence; but the younger female so remarkably resembled his

patroness, that she might well have passed for her younger sister, and also bore her name. These reflections nearly put to flight his scepticism. Should he relate the adventure at the Hall to Sir William, who, a magistrate, might have been in habits of investigation? No, an insuperable objection started to his mind. The lovely young creature he had scarcely been allowed to glimpse wore a semblance of virgin innocence, and Charles, it now appeared, was no stranger to low intrigue. He was, besides, a handsome young fellow, although he had never before reflected on the exterior of his friend. Charles was, however, at present confined to his chamber through a slight indisposition, a circumstance at this juncture not so greatly to be regretted as he at first had considered it. Harland, after traversing the grounds without winging a single bird, returned to the Hall; and having informed the ladies that the morning had been unfavourable for sporting, to the infinite amusement of Charles, the ladies' sphere of whose conduct and views was singularly limited, Harland expressed his intention of riding to Colvile House to pay his compliments to the venerable Mrs Cotton, and return within a day or two, when his friend would be enabled to join him in the field amusements. To this Charles consented, and Harland, intimating his intentions to the family, took a polite leave.

To be continued.

ANTIPATHIES.

Every one, who has mingled in society, is acquainted with the peculiar feeling of aversion towards particular individuals, which is so well described in the hackneyed verse —

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,—
The reason why I cannot tell,
But yet this truth I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

But though this aversion should be felt and acknowledged, it would still puzzle the observer to state from what particular feature of the object contemplated his dislike arose, or wherefore it was felt at all. Nevertheless the antipathy continues, and is found too powerful for the aid of reason to overcome. The effect is notorious—the cause remains a *Je ne sçai quoi*, a something, we know not what, is almost seems as if we viewed in some of our fellow creatures an *esprit malin* in the disguise of humanity. We often think we see "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," in every wrinkle ploughed by time on the visage of an unoffending fellow-mortal; and no bitter drug from the nauseous recess of the apothecary, no potion mingled to set at naught the strongest stomach, will make the "gorge rise" more effectually, than the sight of "the human face divine," stamped with an indescribable character, will awaken our prejudices. But it is not through the organ of vision alone that our antipathies are excited. The voice and address of one man may cause all his good qualities to be overlooked: he may differ from us on a favourite topic, or he may fling a colouring over his first intercourse with us, which may arouse inextinguishable dislike; but in such cases, there are at least assignable causes for the feeling, however unjustifiable that feeling may be in itself, while, to the antipathy awakened oftentimes from a solitary glance, there is not the least clue to direct us to the cause.

The antipathies of mankind are a numerous family, connected with things animate and inanimate. Nature, for example, is said to have an antipathy to a vacuum, and the Law to perpetuities. But Chancery matters are, no doubt, to be expected from this rule; for, regarding them, the laws seems to feel an unconquerable aversion the other way, seeming [illegible] property, and [illegible] duration.

No one has walked up the Strand at noon-day, and glanced his eye at the ten thousand faces he is sure to encounter in the course of his peregrination, but has felt the species of antipathy in question towards some of

whom he has met, who were perfect strangers, and were neither wanting in comeliness of countenance, nor exhibited a vicious physiognomy. We may see ugliness and deformity enough in our rambles, and they may produce it happily without our indulging an ill-natured antipathy towards them, because reason whispers us that the ugly or deformed man is perhaps just, amiable, and generous, and we are mostly willing to concede the point, and may even feel a degree of respect for him; which is not the case when our intuitive antipathies take possession of us. We seem to indulge them in defiance of common sense, until they become but little emitted from our slight breeze. Whence can this feeling of the human bosom arise, more powerful than reason, and so palpably unjust in itself?

Some persons will go so far towards justifying their selves, that they will very ever having been moved in their ideas of an inferior race, or having once looked on in the face and, like Cain of old, regarded the guilt of a criminal, so some experts pronounce them to be good or bad, according to the impression their countenances may excite. But there must be numerous instances which are exceptions to such unchecked assertions as these, in the experience of any who will candidly examine into the subject for themselves. It is, however, remarkable, that while we cannot tell wherefore to condemn the unoffending object of our antipathy, we can neither appeal to reason nor good-nature for a justification of our conduct, nor find any thing resembling statute law to bear us out. Thus it is to judge from the first impression made upon the senses, which impression may arise from distorted vision; or who knows but some objects [illegible]

Addison [illegible] something similar to this, by supposing an invisible communication from an unseen object of antipathy equally powerful with one that is visible. He facetiously relates the story of a lover who felt a mortal antipathy to a cat, and was pushing his suit with a young lady, in the full tide of success, and in the teeth of a rival. The latter had begun to withdraw his attentions in despair, when he learnt the strong prejudice entertained by his antagonist against the feline species. He immediately bribed the young lady's waiting-woman to pin the cat's tail under the dress of her mistress, whenever his rival was to pay her a visit. The success of the stratagem was complete: the unlucky cat-hater turned pale whenever he approached the lady's person, and soon began to display an indifference towards her, which she quickly perceived and resented, by dismissing him, and marrying his lucky adversary. But stratagems like these are not practised where they could have no end to accomplish, where no mistress was to be won, or rival scared away. Perhaps the theory of Gall and Spurzheim may throw some light upon the subject. We may easily imagine, from what appears in their transcendant discoveries, that the bias of matter may be placed on a head otherwise well-formed and possessing a comely countenance. The cranium of the street-passenger, studded with protuberances like an Alpine Lilliput, which are concealed beneath a thick covering of hair and a powdering beaver, when they happen to be of volcanic materials, or, to drop metaphor, of integuments enclosing rapes, murders, or treasons, may throw off certain effluvia, or reflect light in certain directions, which by its unpleasant impression may be calculated to provoke antipathy in beholders. This must, of course, take place insensibly, and [illegible] warning to keep us from [illegible] the guarded [illegible]

[illegible] visual antipathy [illegible] disposition the person has an irresistible aversion to any stranger he meets who walks with an open mouth and displays the gum over the

upper teeth, like Belzoni's mummy. Another dislikes the cork-screw twist of the mouth, especially when coupled with a leer of the eye. A third is horror-struck at an air of Jewishness, or an old clothesman-like expression, which seems to say, "let no such man be trusted," and still no feature of the face shall be ill-made. A fourth exclaims, "*Hic niger est*" at the sight of under-jawed people, especially when possessing hooked noses; and a fifth has a hatred to the pug-nose and high cheek-bones, prevalent in a sister-island. But these are sensible and accountable antipathies.

Antipathies to animals are a numerous list: some accountable, as depending upon form, others profoundly mysterious in the why and wherefore. All ladies fall into hysterics at the approximation of a spider. Snakes are generally objects of fear, rather than antipathy, from the deadly power which some of the species possess; but why a beautiful lizard, a sleek mouse, or a rat, should be objects of antipathy, it is difficult to conjecture;—elegant in form, and harmless, they might at least be looked upon with complacency. The sight of a rat has been known to throw even the male sex into convulsions. Chief Prosper Julien de Crébillon, a name conspicuous in the annals of French literature, was confined in the Bastille in pursuance of the caprices of one of the old Bourbon autraps, who often amused themselves by shutting up in dungeons the men of the age most conspicuous for talent and learning, if they chanced to disoblige a court prostitute, or ventured to promulgate unsavoury truths. One night Crébillon felt what he thought to be a cat reposing by his side in bed;—glad of such a companion in that *maison de sûreté*, where to many a prisoner, "hope never came," he stretched out his hand to caress it; but it ran away. The following day, when seated at his dinner, he saw, through the "darkness visible" of his cell, an animal squatted, *en arrêt*, on his table, and was soon able to perceive that it had a long slender tail, and was not a cat, which at first he had imagined it to be, but an enormous rat. He had an unconquerable antipathy to rats, and springing from his seat, cried aloud with terror, and overturned his table: the noise brought in a turnkey, who found him pale, trembling, and nearly senseless, and it was a long time ere he recovered himself. This animal had been the companion of a preceding prisoner, who had tamed it; and so well did the horrible solitude of the Bastille operate in removing the antipathy of Crébillon to these creatures, that at length he became reconciled to its company, and even shared his provisions with it. The case of Crébillon may serve as a useful hint for effecting the cure of most other antipathies to animals.

The antipathy which is too frequently felt towards that part of the female sex, who have condemned themselves through life to the penance of perpetual virginity, has been overlooked. Old Maid is a term of reproach in society; but it would be difficult to discover why it should be so. At the present period of overstocked population, fashionable political economists cannot but think them deserving the thanks of their country. Perhaps the scandalous use of the organ of speech, common among some of the sisterhood, may have involved the whole in a sweeping censure, which many of its members no more deserve than the sage matrons of the Saxon widow. She who has seen the winters of half a century passover her head, unprotected and unburnished by the other sex; who has been stretched on the pillow of sickness without a comforter, and has weathered the temptations of life with unimpeachable honour—the very breath of slander passing over her, and leaving her spotless—such a one may excite unasked pity, but cannot be deemed a true object of antipathy. Yet, we fear, no vestal virgin, with her head encircled by the grey honours of age, though a priestess, would now live in single blessedness unscoffed at. It may be the case, perhaps, that we unconsciously feel an antipathy to a state

d'existence hors de la nature, and forget the common remark, that "there is no rule without an exception." Many among the roses that "wither on virgin thorns" may reflect with complacency on the past part of their lives, and congratulate themselves, that if they have lacked some of its pleasures, they have escaped a proportionate share of its miseries, and have got so far over the rugged journey of life with fewer overturnings and joltings than the generality of their sex, who have followed a different road.

Finally, much good may be afforded by a proper study of human antipathies. Anger may be quelled, latent virtues called forth, love excited, or fear overcome, by properly humouring them, and understanding how to employ them to the best advantage. In the science of government they may be made highly useful. No barometer will more correctly indicate a change of weather, than national antipathies will point out the proper course by which the powers at the state-helm may steer. In modern days a knowledge of them is worth all the theories of philosophers; and the simplicity of their indications will be clearly seen in the cloudiest atmosphere and during the most boisterous weather. Thus nations and individuals that can never subdue their antipathies, may still be justified in making the best possible use of them; no passion having been bestowed on humanity without a beneficial object.

A DESCRIPTION OF ARCADIA, A COUNTRY SEAT OF THE POLISH PRINCESS RADZIVILL.

It is to the exquisite taste of this lady, that this place is indebted for its magnificence; all that Art and Nature have produced of rarity and price, in the most distant countries, are brought together here; and it seems as if they had contested for preeminence in the production of their treasures.

You enter by a house, having the appearance of a Dutch farm; scarce have you crossed the threshold of the door, which proves to be the entrance of a palace of crystal, than you believe yourself to be in an enchanted hall; —prophyry—bronze—mirrors—crystals and marble, disposed with skill and taste, complete and illusion. On leaving this splendid apartment, you pass by a shady walk to a grotto, which you reach by steps contrived in the enormous masses of rock of which the grotto is formed. The grotto serves as an entrance to a building, whose appearance is that of a Gothic castle, adorned with armour and chivalric devices; and which seems to have been the residence of some preux chevalier of the olden time. Leaving this, you pass by an open arcade to a bold arch in the Grecian style, which serves as a frame to the charming landscape formed by the ever green thickets which surround the temple. The gates of the temple are of precious materials and are opened by a key of gold, enriched with diamonds. The vestibule is in the form of a rotunda, lighted by a cupola in the daytime, and by a Cupid, in a niche, bearing a torch, at night. On advancing, you are surprised to see the rotunda change into a suite of apartments. The first of these is a museum, containing every thing that is curious—in cameos —Etruscan vases—fragments of inscriptions—bas reliefs—tripod candelabras, &c. The imposing aspect of the temple, strikes you, on your entrance, with a sort of religious awe; and carries you, in imagination, back to the days of the oracles of old. The grandeur of the *vases* and of the cupola, charms and seduces the eye, which reposes with delight upon those walls of white marble, adorned with Corinthian columns, and statues of Vestal virgins, guarding the sacred fire which burns upon the altar. The harmonious tones of an organ increase the charm; and, in the midst of the sweetest sensations that the soul can enjoy, you find yourself, as it were by enchantment, hurried out of the sanc-

[illegible] bearing [illegible] by its ruins of a handsome aqueduct, which serves as a bridge to enable you to make the tour of the lake, and to obtain a view of the facade of the temple.

Following the flowery banks of this river, you reach an isle, where there is placed a monument of black marble, on which rests a figure of white marble, in the reposing attitude of the St. Cecilia of Bernini at Rome,—which changes the interest of the inscription,—'*Et in Arcadia ego*,' to that inspired by the epitaph on the tomb,—'*Fai fait Arcadie et J'y repose.*'

Then you have the picturesque ruins of the ancient habitation of the god Pan; the sacrifice to Esculapius, surrounded by his attributes; the isle of offerings, which you reach by a flying bridge, fixed to the banks by cordage. The circus, constructed on the Grecian model, and of the same size, is filled with monuments of marble, and of Oriental granite of the highest antiquity. A chapel, lately constructed at the gate leading from the park, and in the middle of a meadow enamelled with flowers, is above all remarkable. Its massive exterior gives it the majestic appearance of a sarcophagus. It is elevated on four arches, which serve as supports to it. It is ornamented in the interior by some copies in Sepia, of the works of the best painters, by Seydelman, an artist celebrated for the spirit and truth with which he gives the character of the painters after whom he designs. Among these, there is the Virgin, after Raphael, —Sacrifice of Emanuel, after Rembrandth,—Repose in Egypt, after Ferdinand Boll,—Magdalen, after Bottoni, and others.

Delille has consecrated this spot, by his admirable description of it in his immortal poem, Les Jardins.

But the most beautiful place in Poland that has been equally chanted by Delille, is Pulawy, the usual country residence of the Prince Czartoryski. Nature, art, taste, expense, all seem to have [illegible] to. It is situated [illegible] banks of the Vistula. [illegible] are shaded over with an [illegible] park, or rather dark grove; wherein, a beautiful variety, are to be seen, Chinese Kiosks and precipices, hermitages and subterraneous grottos—a colossal statue of the dying Clarinda, supported by Tancred, in white marble of Carara—epitaphs hewn in the rock for the deceased friends of that illustrious family. These, and such like objects, strike the attention of a traveller; yet it is not a place of beauty alone, but also of veneration. To it the natives resort, as in pilgrimage, to gratify their patriotic feelings; for there are two *temples*—one built on the exact model of the Temple of Sibyl, in Tivoli, the other of a Gothic structure. The first is destined for the antiquities of Poland; it contains a great number of ancient Polish armour—shields, helmets, sabres; it is overhung with standards won in the battles with the Turks, Crusaders, Austrians. There stand around at the wall, the cenotaphs of conspicuous men of old; those of great generals and poets; some with some relics of bones, some empty—all with appropriate emblems and mottos. That of an ancient poet, Kochanow, hung over with a lyre; that of Copernicus with a sublime inscription—*Stat Sol*. In a dim under vault of this temple, an obelisk of black Carpathian marble is placed, to the memory of the Prince Poniatowski, who fell in the battle at Leipsic. The Emperor Alexander having visited this temple, adorned hereafter its cupola, which was open, with a large glass made expressly for this purpose; through which a dim and sombre day-light falls on the glorious remains of the ancient Poles.

The other, that is the Gothic temple, contains chiefly the antiquities of middle ages, of all foreign countries and nations; they consist mostly in ancient and modern tomb-stones—rare books and manuscripts — portraits. Among the last is to be seen, the *Portrait of Raphael, painted by himself*, on wood. Besides, this splendid seat

of Prince Czartorvski's,—who, like the Dukes of Weimar in Germany, are Maecenasses of learned men in Poland, and who themselves bear a high literary character—is enriched by the largest library in Poland, containing about 110,000 volumes, in different languages. Especially, there is the richest store of manuscripts, particularly relating to the history of Poland.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

(From the Literary Register.)

Every one acknowledges the quiet and picturesque appearance of the *country church*, whether with its grateful spire issuing from a mount of trees, or with its solemn tower standing alone and silent amidst the peacefulness of nature. You may look at the pleasant little village House of Prayer, till a fine feeling of holy enthusiasm comes over the mind; and it is surely beyond dispute, that the growth of religion is eminently promoted amid the peaceful scenes of rustic life. Independently of the absence of the more open species of temptation to be found in crowded cities, the very face of nature, the hill, the vale, the brook, the wood, have a natural tendency to calm the spirit—to lull it to devotion.

On the Sabbath-day, how cheering it is to witness the simple inhabitants bending from their quiet cots, which lie "scattered over all the hills," towards the village church, the husbandmen with their clean frocks, (which by their whiteness bear testimony of their partners' careful industry,) the well-cleaned though unshining shoes, and the everlasting plush that sees the sun but once a week; the women, with rosy children by their side, following in their neat and homely attire, and lads and lasses straggling in the rear, decked out in Sunday suits of village finery. But above all, one likes to see the choice nosegay in the maiden's bosom, and to feel the air of freshness that comes over us when we catch the arch lustre of her smile: there is in polished life no smile to equal it. As the humble party draw near the church, one can note the effect of the reverential feeling, in their look and manner: the step is slower, and the countenance becomes graver; the never-failing conversation on the nature of the season is generally broken off; and as they scatter themselves about the church-yard, they speak in whispers, and look with anxious gaze towards the vicar's door. The low obeisance follows the preacher to his desk; and a calmer sight is seldom seen than the interior of the House of God during the performance of the sacred service.

The rough monuments around the building come home to our feelings, and read a silent lesson not easy to be forgotten—the very uncouth markings of the chisel seem to be in unison with the unpretending nature of the place, and in their situation speak more eloquently to the heart than finer specimens of sculpture. The music from the rustic choir, however simple and uncouth it may be, is far from being an uninteresting peculiarity in the humble ceremony of village worship: the musical vanity of the leader of the band is sure to be apparent; and the consequential motion of his head to the tune, shews that he has long been familiar with the wondering stare of the untutored auditory seated around the gallery.

Coming out of the church, we cannot help being struck with the solemn yet picturesque effect of the ivy running up the half-ruined tower, and with the venerable appearance of the aged pile; and though the epitaphs in the still church-yard may provoke a smile, by their unlettered quaintness, yet they fail not to impress us with a certain reverential awe, and at the same time (one knows not how) tell us, 'twere good to rest in such a noiseless spot.

The country churches usually stand alone, with silence all around them: if any house be near, it is the minister's, and that is looked upon in some

degree as a consecrated place. Now, in large towns and crowded cities, the churches do not *stand apart*, but they are generally in a line with the *common dwellings*, and this circumstance alone, we may be assured, has a tendency to weaken our reverence for the sacred pile. Devotion loves the silent abstraction of solitude; and the stillness around the village temple is in perfect concord with its spirit.

There is, however, another object to be noticed before we turn away from the country church; that is the pleasant *ring of bells*. Who has not heard the rustic harmony burst out from many a village spire? Who has not felt its soothing influence sink deep into the heart? 'Tis sweet, upon the Sabbath eve, to sit upon the hill-side, with the calm lake at our feet, and listen to the merry peal, made mellower to the ear by passing o'er that water. But to him who loves these things, 'twere vain to dwell upon them: the being who has ever found his silent thoughts, his high imaginings, "mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd," will often seek the countless pleasures of a country life, and learn to hold deep converse with the humblest things in Nature's kingdom—even with the few lone flowers that blossom undisturbed upon the rustic's grave.

——"The deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries, excelling all the glare,
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share."

TRAITS OF THE MANNERS OF WOMEN IN PARIS.

THERE never was a finer day: in the garden of the Thuilleries I met Madam P. and her daughter, a young lady of seven years old. She was in a morning dress, in which nothing was spared to heighten the effect of her charms. I addressed her. "Is it you? *Mon Dieu!*" says she; "Mr. A. from what part of the country do you come? it's quite an age since we saw you."—"Madame, business, and a thousand circumstances, have prevented me the pleasure of paying you my respects."—"However, you shall not escape me now."—"Madame, you flatter me too much."—"I shall return, and you will have the complaisance to accompany me."—"Nothing can make me, Madame, more happy."

I presented her my arm, and we soon arrived. A small beautiful apartment, well furnished, glasses all round, an elegant sofa, was mounted with a tasteful canopy, the whole hung with embroidered cambric: in short, it was the sanctuary of all that could dazzle the imagination.

"Jeanneton," (who was within call) "what have you for dinner?" "Madame, some lentil's"—"Is that all? Monsieur dines here: add a little sallad."—"Madame, infinitely grateful, but——"—"No, I shall take no excuse; I have determined it, and you shall dine. When my husband returns from his bureau, he will be happy to see you."—"Madame, I know not how to resist."

Monsieur makes his appearance. "O! the kind hearted man." "Setting compliments aside, let us approach the table said he; for I breakfasted at nine, and it is now half past four, and I can eat with appetite." We passed into the dining-room, sumptuously arranged; the table covered with a display of ornamental plated ware; no knife, but a silver spoon and fork for each guest, with napkins, and every one a small loaf to themselves. As the French term it, it was superb. Presently was ushered in, with great pomp, a small tureen, likewise apparently of silver, furnished with its splendid cover, and standing on a dish of the same metal. It was soup, which had been served up the day before, for Madame: but we were not to be entirely forgotten; for Jeanneton soon returned, and with a gravity almost pontifical, placed on the centre of the table a dish of the finest English porcelain, large enough if any thing were to follow it. I raised my eyes, and

saw fuming about two quarts of lentils, four large onions, and three crusts of bread. This way of serving dinner appeared to me as very singular; but in this respect every one judges for himself.

As to the rest, the lentils were well dressed, and I was hungry and ate my part, and in so doing, did well, for I had only to wait for the small sallad, which Madame had ordered on my arrival, to shew me respect. In came, all of a sudden, the dessert; which consisted of a morsel of *Gruyère* cheese, five large apples, with their cheeks upwards, and two dozen raw chesnuts. She offered me some cheese, which I readily accepted; as to the rest of this magnificent finish, it was probably only designed by way of ceremony, as I was not asked to taste them; though I could just discover that each article was served in the finest porcelain of Sevres. In the meanwhile, Monsieur begged me to excuse their frugality. "Your amiable friend knows perfectly well the difficulty of circumstances," said Madame.

"Jeanneton! my milliner—is she come?"—'Yes, Madame, she has brought the hat, the two caps, and a turban, which you ordered.'—"Have you paid her the six louis?" 'Yes, Madame. The shoemaker has also brought Monsieur's shoe, which he has mended, and asks fifteen sous.'—"I think dear enough. Has he also brought my boots of the blossom colour, which pleased me?'—'No, Madame, he says he can't sell them for less than twelve francs.'—"Well, let it be so; for I never beat shoekeepers down for such trifling objects.'—'Monsieur's taylor is here, who desires to know if my master wishes a surtout for the winter.'—"No: tell him that last year's is good enough. Besides, I must have two doublettes, and four robes; and I can hardly support even that expense. Hold! here are twelve sous: take what is necessary for the supper.—I have a box tonight at the Theatre Italien, and I hope Monsieur V. will do me the honour of his company." I went with her to the opera, but took care not to return to supper; the twelve sous had spoiled my appetite, and I repaired to my hotel, sent for the traiteur, and very soon made up for my abstemiousness at my lady's—the brilliant, elegant, astonishing, and dazzling Madame P.

THE VALE OF HEROES.

(From Sir R. K. Porter's Travels.)

The vale of Oujen is ranked amongst the most fertile in Persia, for natural richness of pasture; and is additionally renowned, under the name of the *Vale of Heroes*, from having been the favourite haunt of Baharam the Fifth, surnamed the Gour, and his princely train, in hunting the wild ass. The whole valley abounds in springs, some hid under marshy ground, and others open, in the shapes of pools or streams; but it is supposed all their sources communicate at a great depth. In the course of one of his excursions, near the western extremity of the plain, the king suddenly disappeared, leaving his astonished retinue in the wildest consternation. In the heat of pursuit, Baharam, who was much a head of his followers, had dashed into a deep still pool of water, covered with green weeds, and, together with his horse, was instantly swallowed up. But what remains a wonder until this day, though immediate search was made for his body, not the smallest trace of either himself or the animal that perished with him, was ever to be found. Sir John Malcolm, in mentioning this circumstance, corroborates its probability, by recounting the melancholy catastrophe of an European in his own escort, who, although warned not to approach it too near, disappeared at the very spot pointed out as fatal to the king.

The histories of this beloved monarch of the Persians, whose fame, they declare is to "flourish with the roses of paradise, filling the whole earth with fragrance for ever!" are fraught with highly interesting facts, as well as marvellously romantic le-

gends. Educated, by the command of his royal father, by an Arab chief, he acquired all the simplicity and hardihood of that dauntless people; Adding to their rough virtues, many which seem to belong to the most polished state of civilization alone. Education, perhaps, does almost every thing with mankind in general; and most men are, therefore, just what the existing manners of their country make them: but we find that in all ages, certain eminent human beings have been given to the world, princes or sages, born with extraordinary mental and moral powers, to be at once teachers and examples. Such were Numa and Alfred; and such was Baharam Gour, a heathen prince in the fifth century, but one whose noble disposition could happily apply the fine practical lesson taught him by Acacius, the truly Christian bishop of Amida. During the wars between Baharam and the emperor Theodosius, many brave Persians were taken prisoners, and carried into bondage to Constantinople. When the two sovereigns ended their hostilities by a truce of a hundred years, Acacius declared to his Emperor, that "vases of gold and silver were less precious ornaments of the church, in his eyes, and those of God, than justice and mercy;" and therefore, selling the church plate, "he employed the money it produced (continues the historian) in the redemption of seven thousand Persian captives; supplied their wants with commiserating liberality, and dismissed them to their native country, to inform Baharam of the true spirit of that religion against whose followers he had raised his arms." The valour, clemency, and generosity of the Persian monarch, are the theme of every Persian pen; his munificence not being limited to favourites at court, nor to its mere vicinity, but extending over all his dominions, encouraging manufactures, and rewarding merit. We find it related in the Zeenut-ul-Tuarikh, that his liberality in this way was so unbounded, and his own style of living so rigidly simple, that his ministers thought fit to present a memorial to him, imploring his majesty to circumscribe his munificence; and to remember that these treasures might hereafter be necessary to support the dignity of his throne, and to maintain his power as became the greatest monarch of the East. Baharam made them this reply: "If I am not to confer benefits on my best subjects, by thus rewarding free men who render obedience to my laws, and so attaching them to my person and government; let those who framed these remonstrances, inform me what better means I can employ to support this true dignity of my throne, to maintain this my undisputed power amongst the nations." The ruins of several of his hunting-lodges are still shown in the vicinity of the fatal plain.

MANNERS OF THE OSAGE INDIANS.

From Nuttall's Tour.

That curious species of polygamy which prevails among some other Indian nations, is likewise practised by the Osages, by which, the man who first marries into a family, from that period possesses the controul of all the sisters of his wife, whom he is at liberty either to espouse himself, or to bestow upon others. The maid, as amongst the Quapaws and others, is distinguished from the matron by the method she employs in braiding her hair into two cylindric rolls, which are ornamented with beads, silver, or wampum, and inclined to either side of the head near the ears. After marriage the hair is unloosed and brought together behind. This is one of those little arbitrary distinctions which is quite as invariable as the general costume of the people who employ it.

A practice no less notorious among the young men of the Osages, and the natives generally, is the careful extraction of the marks of pubescence from every part of the body. These Indians even pluck out their eye-brows shave their heads, and leave only a small scalp upon the crown. Of this, two locks left long, are plaited and

ornamented with silver, wampum, and eagle's feathers. The tonsure and ears, as well as the eye-lashes, are painted with vermillion on ordinary occasions, but blackened to express grief or misfortune. Sometimes, apparently out of fancy, they fantastically decorate their faces with white, black, or green stripes. The use of calico or shirts is yet unknown amongst them, and their present fashions and mode of dress have been so long stationary, as not to be by themselves considered characteristic. In their dress, fairish tawny red colour, and abueline features, they resemble the Outigamis.

"The Osages are more than usually superstitious. With them an ominous dream is often sufficient to terminate the most important expedition. After performing an exploit, instead of pursuing their success, scarcely any consideration can deter them from instantly returning to bear the welcome intelligence to their band. Their communion with each other is so frank, that nothing can remain a secret. In this way their intentions of war and plunder are long anticipated, however sudden and secret may be their actual operations. They are no strangers to dissimulation, when it will answer their purpose in their intercourse with others, but falsehood among their friends or fellows, would be looked upon as unnatural and unpardonable. They entertain unconquerable prejudices against hunters. While in the village, or in their company abroad, the stranger is sure to be protected and treated like themselves in every particular; but if he is found in their country as a foreigner, and pursuing a different interest from their own, he can scarcely be distinguished from an enemy and an intruder, and must calculate on meeting with chastisement accordingly. To be found upon their war paths is likewise considered criminal. These particular routes which they pursue in quest of their enemies, are recognised by beacons, painted posts, and inscribed hieroglyphics, commonly set up near the boundaries of their range; and those whom they chance to find in this direction, are at the best considered as ambiguous friends, and trespassers on the neutral character which is expected to be maintained.

"The miserable fate which, last autumn befel Mr. M'Farlane (who is mentioned by Wilkinson, in his descent of the Arkansa, as then taken prisoner by the Osages) is a sufficient proof of the danger of intruding on their war-path. The Osages had taken this hunter into custody near to a Pawnee village, with whose inhabitants they were at war, and were about to proceed with him to their town on the Verdigris. He was, however, very desirous of returning to the village for his son who remained behind, to which the Indians at last consented, and two of them offered to accompany him back towards the Pawnees; but after proceeding some distance, they seized upon him, put out his eyes, and then goaded him along for several miles with sharpened canes, thus protracting his death by torture, until one of them, through compassion, put an end to his existence by the tomahawk. Although this fact was now well known in the territory, and not denied by the Osages, no steps had been taken to avenge the death of this unfortunate hunter. The Osages indeed disavowed the deed as that of their nation, but contented themselves by saying, that the action had been committed by two bad men, who were beyond their control. The property of the white hunters generally, whom they discover in their country, without special permission, is considered as an indisputable perquisite; and after perhaps (as I have heard related) breaking his gun to pieces, and flogging him with the ram-rod, they will turn him out into the wilderness nearly naked, and leave him to perish, unless, like a prisoner, he consents to adoption or affiliation, when every thing is again restored to him, and he is received as one of their people."

The following description of an American sect, which the author heard of on his return to New Orleans, may deserve insertion here:—

"Not far from this place, a few days ago were encamped, the miserable remnant of what are called the Pilgrims, a band of fanatics, originally about 60 in number. They commenced their pilgrimage from the borders of Canada, and wandered about with their wives and children through the vast wilderness of the western states, like vagabonds, without ever fixing upon any residence. They looked up to accident and charity alone for support; imposed upon themselves rigid fasts, never washed their skin, or cut or combed their hair, and, like the Dunkards wore their beards. Setting no where, they were consequently deprived of every comfort which arises from the efforts of industry. Desertion, famine, and sickness, soon reduced their numbers, and they were every where treated with harshness and neglect, as the gypsies of civilized society. Passing through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, they at length found their way down the Mississippi to the outlet of White River and the Arkansa. Thus ever flying from society by whom they were despised, and by whom they had been punished as vagabonds, blinded by fanatic zeal, they lingered out their miserable lives in famine and wretchedness, and have now nearly all perished or disappeared. Two days after my arrival in the territory, one of them was found dead in the road which leads from the Mississippi to Arkansas. If I am correctly informed, there now exists of them only one men, three women, and two children. Two other children were taken from them in compassion for their miserable situation, and the man was but the other day seized by a boat's crew descending the river, and forcibly shaved, washed, and dressed."

VARIETIES.

Medical Opinion.—An unfortunate man, who had never drunk water enough to warrant the disease, was reduced to such a state by dropsy, that a consultation of the Physicians was held upon his case. They agreed that tapping was necessary, and the poor patient was invited to submit to the operation, which he seemed inclined to do in spite of the entreaties of his son, a boy seven years old. "Oh, Father, Father, do not let them tap you, (screamed the Urchin, in an agony of tears,—do any thing, but do not let them tap you!"—"Why, my dear," (said the afflicted parent, it will do me good, and I shall live long in health to make you happy." "No, Father, no, you will not: there never was any thing tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week."

Curious Arithmetical Paradox.—In an Arabic manuscript was found the following remarkable decision of a dispute:—Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by, desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pence, and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted on one-half. The cause came on before Ali the Magistrate, who gave the following judgment:—"Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one." Query the justice of the sentence?—Answer. Ali's sentence was just; for, suppose the loaves to be divided into three equal parts, making twenty-four parts in all the eight loaves, and each person to eat an equal or third part; therefore the stranger had seven parts of the person who contributed five loaves, or fifteen parts, and only one of him who contributed three loaves, which make eight parts!

Barke put to Flight—Burke, on one occasion, had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up, and said, "Mr. Speaker,

I hope the Honourable Gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. B. was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated with rage, as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the House. On this occasion, George Selwyn remarked, that it was the only time he had ever seen the fable realized, *a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass.*

A South American Compliment.—England is truly the Queen of Isles, the empire and citadel of Neptune; and at the same time the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the country of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the bulwark of Holland, the castigator of France, the purgatory of the friends of tyranny, and, in a word, the Paradise of liberty. Her fair sex are very handsome; valour is natural to the males, but carried to an excess which approaches to brutality. Their talents are as great as those of any other people, perhaps greater. There it may be justly said, has Fortune scattered her gifts with an unsparing hand. The English idiom is a mixture of all that is spoken in Europe, but it has more energy, and is more copious than any other. In a word, it appears that this nation wants nothing to complete her felicity, but to know the secret of enjoying it. The natural inquietude of the people, and their excessive zeal for their privileges and liberties, has often plunged her into all the horrors of civil war, which has carried her to the brink of the precipice.—*Anglo-Colombiano, July 20.*

POETRY.

THE DELUGE.

[From Dale's Iran and Affghanistan.]

Now it is done. The swelling floods may rise—
None live to perish in the gulph profound;
Devouring flames may dazzle o'er the skies—
None hear to startle at the thunder sound—
There are but clouds above and waves around!
The universe is ocean. One wide sea
Appears, without a barrier or a bound,
As though it ever was, and aye shall be
Ascending upward, upward through infinity.

But *will* thou rise, proud Ocean? Shall thy flood
Through the vast void for evermore expand?
Shall not the power, whose mightier will withstood
The rage through rolling ages, *yet* withstand?
Hark! from his throne the Voice of dread command
Goes forth—and calms the tempest. He hath said,
Whose word returns not, "Angel, stay thine hand!"
Instant the lightnings heard—the winds obey'd;
The conscious thunders cease—the Angel's hand is stay'd.

Once more grim Chaos o'er the boundless deep
Claims its primeval empire; each rude wave
Sinks like a wearied giant to its sleep;
The surge hath ceased to roar, the blast to rave,
Till o'er the surface of that pathless grave
No sound is heard the horrid stillness breaking;
Where virgin, warrior, sovereign priest, and slave,
By myriads or by millions are partaking
That dull and dreamless sleep which knows no earthly waking.

Oh! there was terror in the storm's deep gloom,
And wrath and vengenance in the lightning glare,
And in the thunder peal the voice of doom,
And death in ocean, and o'er Earth despair:—
These human eye and human heart might bear—
But the cold silence of that drear abyss,
Methinks the very Angels shudder *there*—
And pause an instant mid their songs of bliss
To weep—if Seraphs can—and mourn a scene like *this!*

Where is the world? Alas! there is no Earth—
JEHOVAH cursed it, and it pass'd away;—
Where is the Sun? The Power that gave it birth
Hath quench'd in darkness its retiring ray—
And bade it beam no more—perchance for aye—
What recks that Orb where closed is every eye?—
And Earth and Sun were form'd but to decay—
Yet is there *one* who shall not—cannot die;
Oh where is Man, sole heir of immortality?

He lives—but would'st thou question whither now
Are fled the guilty train, who madly spurn'd
To Mercy's voice in Mercy's hour to bow?
Know, none from those dark regions have return'd
To tell their tale of horror—none discern'd
The worm that dies not, and the insatiate fire
That ever burns. This only have we learn'd—
Forbear by guilt to rouse Jehovah's ire,
Nor dare provoke the frown which bade a world expire.

But Light not yet was quench'd, nor yet had Time
Fulfill'd it fated round. The fortieth Sun
Again through ether roll'd his car sublime—
But who survived to hail his rising? None—
Towers, Temples, Priests, Adorers, all are gone.
As, ere JEHOVAH summon'd Earth to be,
Light, new created, hung in Heaven alone,
So beams that Sun o'er one unbounded sea,
For all beside have pass'd—Rocks! Mountains! where are ye?

CHARADE, ENIGMA, &c.

CHARADE.

By Walter Bickham, of Ashburton.

A BLOOMING youth of fam'd Britannia's shore,
Fearless of death, fell war, and cannon's roar,
Undaunted, undismayed to battle goes,
Nor heeds the clangour of her coward foes,
But urges on 'till victory he obtains,
And carnage fills the sanguinary plains;
The flying ball he sends as swift as sight,
And brings my second prostrate at his feet;
The bird no more ascends the azure skies,
But with its mortal eyes expiring lies;
A letter add, these parts aright transpose,
A pretty chorister they will disclose;
The glare of the plumy feather'd throng,
Delighting travellers as they ride along.

ENIGMA.

By J. Tucker, of Ashburton.

ONCE on a time, a famous knight,
Essay'd in rage with me to fight,
But him I did disgrace;
For though I threw my arms about
Like an unskilful country lout,
I beat him in the place.

Exposed I stand both night and day,
And Boreas' blast, and Phœbus' ray
Alternately endure;
But, ah! 'tis useless to complain;
My lord is such a rogue in grain,
Redress I can't procure.

ANSWER.

By J. Tucker, Cornworthy, to O. P. Q.'s Enigma, inserted September 30.

I HOPE, ingenious O. P. Q.
That we shall often hear from you.